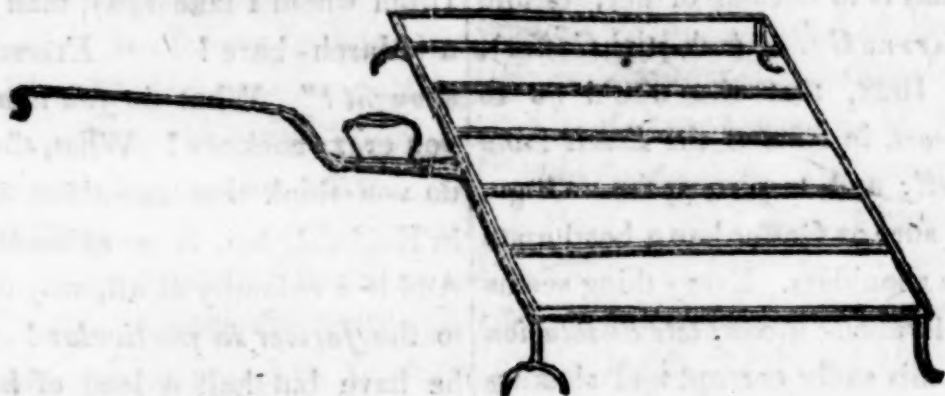


COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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“ The base press of London is acting *its part* as usual. It is endeavouring to keep up the delusion by telling its stupid readers, that the “ evil is of a temporary and partial nature; that it arises solely from “ ‘over-excitement’; from ‘wild speculations’ of indiscreet persons; “ that, as to merchants and bankers of ‘solid means,’ no harm will “ arise; and that, when this storm has blown over, all will be ‘right and “ tight again.’ Yes, ‘right and tight’ as a crazy old ship, which has “ had her masts and rigging and boats and bulwarks and half her crew “ swept by the board, and that is seen, without helm or compass, lying “ like a log on the water, with a rotten spar for a jury mast (a mast to “ swear by), and with the shirts of the sailors and the petticoats of the “ female passengers, tacked together to make a sail, to hold just wind “ enough to afford the dismal hulk a chance of being driven towards “ land! A ‘storm,’ indeed! It is no storm: it is a real ‘trade-wind;’ “ and this wind will keep blowing till the voyage be over.”—*Register*, 17th December, 1825.

TO MONEY HOARDERS.

Kensington, 12th July, 1826.

MY OLD FRIENDS,

You, whom I have so often addressed, and with (I hope) such great and good effect, ought to be

on the sharp look out at *this moment*; for, every thing appears to me to indicate another SQUALL. As to “panic,” which DOCTOR BARING said proceeded from “plethora,” that term is inapplicable. The affair is that crazy old devil of a *ship*, which I have subscribed in the words of my motto—*And, there she lies, just as I said*

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she would, *like a log* upon the water, drifting about, not knowing what is to become of her. I told GAFFER GOOCH (ash-stick Gaffer), in 1822, that she would go to pieces, in spite of the *Small-Note Bill*: and, to pieces she will go, as sure as Gaffer has a head upon his shoulders. Every thing seems to forebode a *complete dissolution* of this sadly corrupt and shaking old THING. Prices have fallen, on an average, one-half, in most articles of clothing, since last October. Many sorts of property have fallen four-fifths. The first necessities of life keep up from a want of an average quantity of them; but, even they must soon come down; and he must be a fool indeed, who expects *rent* next year, especially in the manufacturing parts of the kingdom.

In the mean while Mr. FREDERICK PROSPERITY has set a good example to his *brother landlords*:—"The *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, on receiving the half-year's rents of his Lincolnshire tenantry due at Lady-day last, has made them a *return of ten per cent.* on their respective payments, in consequence of the *depression of agricultural produce*, and the injury sustained from the *excessive drought*." Excessive drought! What, is the

the Chancellor mad? or is my Linen Draper, Mr. THWAITES, (from whom I take this), mad as a March-hare? "*Excessive drought!*" What do you mean, you crazy cockney? What, then, do you think that *sun-shine*, and in England, too, is a *calamity*? And if a calamity at all, why one to the *farmer in particular*? If he have but half a load of hay instead of a load, will he not sell the half-load for as much as he would have sold the load? And, besides, has not Mr. FREDERICK'S master, JENKY the Great, told us, that when agriculture suffered, in 1822, the cause was "*surplus produce*"!

But, observe, the *Chancellor of the Exchequer* throws off ten per cent. on account of the *depression*, that is, *low price*, of agricultural produce, AND on account of the *drought*. Now, the drought (if too great) must tend to make the *price high*. So, then, here are five per cent. for low price and five per cent. for high price! What a devil of a fellow this Frederick Prosperity must be, unless my little friend Thwaites belie him. What a *Chancellor of Exchequer*, or what a *best public instructor*! What a famous Government, or what a

famous Press! At any rate, what a humbugged people!

If it be true, that Mr. "*Prosperity*" has thrown back ten per cent. to his *tenants*, why does he not (perhaps he may) throw us the same back on *his salary*? An old fusty and foolish aristocrat, who calls himself "SIR JAMES GRAHAM, of Netherby," has published a stupid pamphlet, in which he proposes to *rob the fundholders*, and in which he talks about the *salaries of ministers* not having been reduced to keep pace with the fall in the price of corn. Reduced; no, to be sure. The stupid and proud fools of the aristocracy have made use of these Ministers to *work* the people; to *shut them up in dungeons for praying for Reform*; to *transport them for poaching*; to *banish them for uttering words tending to bring the Aristocrats into contempt*; to *jail them and tread-mill them for only stepping out of a footpath*; to *make felons of them for only taking an apple off a tree*; to make them pay *Sunday-tolls*; to subject them to *select vestries*; to do to them a hundred other things, which I shall not now mention, though I must mention the *one million six hundred thousand pounds*, which were taken out of the taxes to be given

to the PARSONS, while the nation was so poor as to be compelled to make *loans*! The stupid and proud fools have had these things done by the Ministry. "SIR JAMES GRAHAM of Netherby" has never complained of *these* things; and, therefore, he will be so good as to excuse me, and those who think with me, if one laugh at him and his brother aristocrats, when they complain of a non-reduction of the salaries of the Ministers. When they have taken away the horrible laws above-mentioned, we will *consider their case*, and reflect a little on the consequences of their being left *without rents*. But, as long as those laws exist, and especially as long as the parsons are suffered to *keep* the 1,600,000*l.* so long shall I be sorry to see the Aristocrats get one farthing of rent. This GRAHAM calls upon the landlords to get the PEOPLE to *join them in reducing the interest of the Debt*. Yes, "SIR JAMES," with all our hearts, when the landlords have *joined us in* repealing the Septennial Bill, the new Poaching Laws, and the new Treason and Banishing Laws, and when they have *joined us in* getting justice on account of the deeds of 1817 and 1819. Let them first join in bringing us back

to the state in which we were forty years ago only, and then we will join them in bringing *their debt* (for it is *theirs*) down to what it was forty years ago. But, unless they will do this, not one single penny shall *their debt* be reduced, though it leave them not rent enough to buy them oatmeal porridge to eat, and second-hand clothes to wear.

To return from this digression; if it really be true, that Mr. PROSPERITY have thrown off *ten per cent. on his rents*, how is he to look in the face those who have to pay, and not to receive, taxes? How is ten per cent. to be thrown off by a poor, proud, stupid *hole-and-corner* or *barn* devil, whose land is mortgaged for nearly its worth? And what is to become of those swell-headed fools, whose estates are *mortgaged to the Bank*? Aye, to that very Bank, which can make the land fall in value whenever it pleases, and pretty nearly as low as it pleases! What is to become of these? And how kindly they must take this act of "liberal" Frederick, with which they will, doubtless, be *taunted by the newspapers*, unless they be "*liberal*" too, though they have no *salaries* like Frederick. However, even this is just; for these haughty vagabonds have rejoiced

in what they deemed the successful attacks of this infamous press on ME. They have known that the attacks were unjust; but they have done all they could to hand the infamous lies about. Let them, therefore, now smart under the lash of this same infamous press; let them "stand and deliver" at its command, and cry all the while. They may possibly have some persons to pity them: from me they would have no pity, even if I saw them all sitting with their pans of *draff* (grains) at a workhouse door. They may complain of Frederick for thus notifying to them to give up a fifth of their income (ten per cent. on the half-year); but I do not complain of him for it: I say, he does well. Lash them, Frederick: beat them, Frederick: give them t'other cuff for my sake, Frederick. Take away their rents parcel by parcel: so much for *Poaching Laws*; so much for *new Trespass Law*; so much for *Sunday-tolls*; so much for *Power-of-imprisonment-Bills*; so much for *Six-Acts*; so much for *Apple-felonny-Bill*; so much for 1,600,000*l.* given to *Parsons*; so much for victories on *Serpentine-River*; so much for the *Justice and Yeomanry-work at the hell-hole, Manchester*; so much for this, and so

much for that, and, for the works of their infamous press against me, take away their last penny, leaving them not the means of buying a shroud. Those of them, who do not merit this are few in number, very few indeed; and they have had the sense to believe me, and, of course, to be able to set Frederick and the newspapers at defiance. It is curious enough, that the poorer the devils are the less able they are to resist this species of extortion: they must give up their rents to avoid suspicions of poverty; and, while they give, they will, in their hearts, curse the object of their "benevolence"! Well; they deserve all this, and a great deal more: their applause of the *Power-of-imprisonment-Bill*, and the applause they bestowed on parson Hay, will not, in my mind, be expiated even by the loss of the last acre. Nothing short of the *poorhouse* for them will content me; and in it I shall see, I verily believe, a large part of these at once mean and haughty reptiles; and I hope I shall see them treated just as they now treat those labouring people, whom they have mainly assisted in reducing to beggary and half-starvation. 'What is to save them from the poorhouse? I once had a French Court to bind books for

me! What is there in these stupid and haughty things to protect them from the worst effects of loss of rents? Let them shake in their shoes, therefore, unless they can find some conjurer to enable them to pay ten shillings with four.

My friends, Money Hoarders, pray mark the *qualmish* state of the OLD LADY at this moment! She seems hardly to know whether she be woman or man. She will have *branches*, and she will not: she has hardly put forth a bale of paper when she pulls it back again. She knows not what to do. In short, the FALSE THING is fast being brought to the test of truth, and that will destroy it root and branch. The work of destruction is now going regularly on; "late panic" still continues; and continue it will and must, until wheat be sold, on an average, at 4s. a bushel; that is to say, at about the same price that it is sold at in France. I do not care about the English price before 1792. That might be 6s. on an average; but, it does not follow that that is to be the price again, after all the paper-money is gone. I am convinced that it will not, and that the price in England will be, on an average of years, very little higher than the price in France. So that, down we are gradually to come to

this mark, and, by the time that we come to it, what bands of base wretches will have been punished; what gangs of unjust and barbarous ruffians; and what gangs of consummate hypocrites!

The jolterheads begin to be greatly alarmed, and well they may: certainly a *really wet harvest would finish them*: wheat *growing in the ear for ten days* would almost be compensation for the *transporting poacher's bill*, or, for the *banishment bill*. In such a case resort must be had to the supplicating powers of the Hampshire Parsons, and especially those of parson HAY, who, *just after the 16th of August*, had the great living of ROCHDALE given him *by the Archbishop of Canterbury*! A wet harvest would open the ports, without a tax on bread, and would cause a *premium* to be given on importation, as in 1801. This would just finish the whole affair. There would very soon be *an end* to that which has cursed the nation for so many years. However, the thing will be done without a wet harvest; only not quite so soon; and, for my part, I am in no haste about the matter: I like the gradual work: I have had sport with the thing for many years, and, as it is in the nature of the chase, the sport grows better

as we approach *the death*. Never had hare more turns and tricks and shifts than this OLD LADY has had, and never was one better pursued than I have pursued her. Her rings have been growing shorter for some time; she has now got into her doublings and squattings: I very nearly had my foot upon her last December: she barely crept away into the cover: and there she is now, *dodging about*, not daring to break cover again. I should like to turn her up in the open; but, she seems resolved to die out of sight.

The *branch-banks* are not, I am told, to issue *one pound notes*. If they did, nobody would circulate them; and, if they *do not*, what is the *use* of these banks? What are they *for* at all? Why create them, pretty fellows of Whitehall; why make them? The object *must* be to cause *more paper-money to get out* than would get out without them. And, *why*, good pretty gentlemen, do you want to get out more paper-money? Will you tell me *why*, pretty creatures as you are? Do tell me *why*, do tell me *wherefore*, you want to get out more paper-money. An equal number of "mice in council" knows as well as you do, what to do with this affair; and, in addition to your

native ignorance and incapacity, there is the stumbling-block which you have in ME. There is but ONE WAY of preventing a convulsive blowing up. That way is MINE; it is my *exclusive property*; you cannot touch it; and, besides, it is a way, which, if followed, must send all you to something very nearly approaching to sweeping the streets. Yet, there is but this one way.

But, again, *why*, good pretty gentlemen, want to get out more paper-money, when, only the other day, you wanted every man to have a piece of gold in his pocket? If you get out more paper-money, you will send the gold out of the country; and then you will have another "*late panic*." Stop a bit: would it not be better to follow the advice which Mr. WESTERN, the Essex Conjuror, has just given you, and so, when you have got the paper out, stop the Old Lady! Not for good! Oh! no! only for a little while. "SAY to the end of the next Session of Parliament." Oh! yes! "SAY;" and Pitt said in 1797!

But, there is something so ridiculous in the project of this sapient County Member of Essex; this law-giver of more than thirty years standing; there is something so ludicrous in his project,

and, at the same time, so strikingly characteristic of that "*agricultural mind*," of which Lord MILTON spoke some time ago; there is something in this project of the profound WESTERN, so well calculated to shew what the Jolterheads are thinking about, and how afraid they are of the consequences of the present progress, that I must quote one passage from a bundle of nonsense lately published, under the title of "A Letter to the Earl of LIVERPOOL, on the cause of our present embarrassment and distress: and the measures necessary for our effectual relief. By C. C. WESTERN, Esq. M. P." There must be a grammatical error, even in this title. Even this could not be made correct; and yet the desire to be everlastingly writing and publishing seems to be a disease, with this poor shallow man, who once had the meanness to attack me behind my back, at a County Meeting in Essex; but who shall have no other County Meeting there, if I am apprized of it, without attacking me to my face, if he attack me at all. It is a mean, mean man: he has treated me in a dirty manner; and I will treat him as he deserves to be treated. Let us now hear what his remedy

is; that measure of "*effectual relief*" which this ponderous Member of Parliament promises us, in his title-page. His words are as follows: "Under these circumstances, I venture to declare it to be my unhesitating conviction, that the course **UNAVOIDABLY NECESSARY** to be adopted, is, to obtain an Act for the protection of the Bank for a limited time—**SAY** to the end of the next session of Parliament, — so as to allow us again with safety, such an extension of our credit currency as the necessities of the country require; and give time for deliberation upon **SOME PLAN** that shall render such currency secure and free from those fluctuations under which we have so dreadfully suffered. I cannot conceive what description of persons could complain of an alteration of the currency, the only perceptible effect of which would be, to place the country again in that state of prosperity we so recently enjoyed, and at the same time give us every reasonable ground to rely upon its permanence."

There, my friends! There is the "*effectual relief*" provided for us, by the great Mr. WESTERN! Another Bank Restriction!

That is to come first; that is to give us an extension of what this silly man calls our currency. This is to give us such a parcel of paper, as the "*necessities of the country require*;" that is to say, to enable Mr. WESTERN to pay his bills and his taxes in wheat at twenty shillings a bushel, and to rob the annuitant of one-half of his income, and to rob also the tradesman of one-half of his book debts, and the servant of one-half of his year's wages. Yet, in the latter part of this curious paragraph, this suckler of Essex calves very coolly says, that he cannot conceive what description of persons could complain of such an alteration in the currency. Why, every creditor would have a right to complain, at any rate. The butcher that any gentleman owes a sum of money to, for meat, would in effect, have half his bill lopped off, by this measure. The fortunes of tradesmen consist, in general, of their *book debts*, the half of which would be lopped off at once, by this scheme of the Essex senator.

After all, however, there is *some plan* to be fixed on, to render this currency secure from fluctuations! Good God! Need we wonder that we are in embarrassment and

distress, when we are governed by laws made by men like this? The close of the paragraph, however, points the pyramid of stupidity. Here the wise WESTERN tells us, that new bales of paper money "would place the country again in that *state of prosperity* we so recently enjoyed, and at the same time give us every reasonable ground to rely upon its permanence." If this be not a proof of madness; if this be not a proof of that degree of silliness, of absence of reason, of absence of the mental faculties usually belonging to man; if we have not here a proof of this, never did paper and print convey such proof to the world. It is notorious, every creature in London, down to the porters that carry the loads, and the boys that sweep the shops, know that the "*prosperity* we so recently enjoyed," was the existence of a vast mass of falsehood and fraud, working about in the shape of bits of paper, which bits of paper could only answer for a certain time; and must, at last, inevitably produce misery. This was the state of prosperity: a contracting of innumerable debts, that were never to be paid; a putting forth of immense quantities of paper money, without the means of pay-

ing it in gold; preparations for the ruin of hundreds of thousands of poor men; loans made to South America, by borrowed money or false bills, and goods bought with those bills, which were finally to be returned good for nothing to the manufacturer who had sold the goods; laying the sure foundation of ten thousand bankruptcies and of fifty thousand unpublished insolvencies; the reducing of a hundred thousand families from competence to ruin; the building of cotton mills and making of cotton machines beyond the possibility of employment; the madness, the rage of inordinate gain; engendered and fostered by a false paper-money; the laying of the foundation of the starvation and the bloodshed which now stare us in the face, in spite of the pitiful and miserable contrivances of coaxing subscriptions, at the London Tavern: these, good Mr. WESTERN; these, thou vain and empty coxcomb, who, being upon your own dunghill, thought proper to attack me behind my back: these constitute the items, "in that state of *prosperity* we so recently enjoyed;" and which state of *prosperity* you anxiously wish to restore, and to render "PERMANENT"! Good God! Again I say, need we wonder at

any sufferings which that nation has to endure, who has the calamity to be bound by laws proceeding from legislators like this! Every body knows; every porter, every shop boy, every trollop of a maid of all-work; every thing with a head upon its shoulders, and walking erect, and living in London; every one knows that our "*late state of prosperity*" was a state of falsehood, of fraud, gambling, *mining*, cheating, humbugging; every thing that is monstrous; and this WEN was one great scene of the basest frauds, on the one side, and the most shameful culibility on the other side, that ever was witnessed in the world; that, in short, we lived in a scene of bubbling and cheating that must, of necessity, bring itself to an end, in a few months, and that was, as long as it existed, a thing stamping the character of the nation with infamy. Alas! the pious WESTERN; the honest Member for Essex, wants this state of things back again; and, what is more, he wants "*every reasonable ground to rely upon its permanence*"!

Oh! no! My friends. This man is not the rogue that one would naturally think him. He is only a very great fool: he has got his head bothered, with a project

for patching up the thing: he cannot endure the idea of coming to *my remedy*—he is too proud for that: he cannot bring his stomach down to that; he is afraid of that reform, which, putting an end to the paper must produce: the ATTWOODS, who are much cunninger than he is, tell him that an alteration of the standard is the thing; and that part paper and part metal may do very well together. In short, my plan would put an end to all paper in a very short time; my plan would put an end to power of imprisonment Bills and Six Acts; my plan would make the Parsons disgorge the sixteen hundred thousand pounds; my plan would put an end to those precious jobs, the crown lands; my plan would *make the aristocracy* surrender that which *they have had out of the loans*; my plan would not take one single farthing from any fundholder, until every other reduction, and every just restitution had taken place. Therefore it is that you see all these schemes for avoiding my plan. Paper money, little shillings, branch banks, bank restriction, any thing but my plan, any thing but the *refunding system*, which mine would partly be. At first sight, it seems so strange that there should be any body, and

especially a law-giver, to think about any thing but gold and silver for a currency. Why not have gold and silver at once, and have no more disputing about this currency work? Why not have the King's coin? Why not have real money at once? Gold and silver are the lawful coin of the realm. Nothing else is *lawful money*. No paper-money is good and lawful money. The law knows nothing of it. What a strange thing it is, then, that any man, and particularly a law-maker, should be representing a parcel of unlawful paper, as necessary for our salvation. Alas! The fact is; the fact so dismal for the Boroughmongers, and so cheering to me; the fact is, that in this legal money the *interest of the debt cannot be paid, without taking away the estates of the landlords!*

This is the important fact. This makes the landlords resort to all manner of schemes for *lowering the value of money*; that is to say, for lessening the sum that they have to pay to the fundholders. The fundholders are getting away their estates by the means of gold and silver taxes; the landlords, therefore, want to pay them in brass, or in any thing of less value than gold or silver. The law says that they shall be paid in

gold and silver; and Mr. WESTERN wants to alter the law, which he shall not do, if I can help it. Indeed, he shall not, I say that positively. I cannot, just at present, put myself into Parliament; but I can prevent this robbery of the fundholders, and *prevent it I will*. I take that charge upon myself now. Bank Restriction I cannot help, to be sure; but I will take care that the Aristocracy do not rob the fundholders. *Norfolk petition*, indeed, I agree to; for that would do justice to every body; but suffer the Aristocracy to rob the fundholders, I will not.

It is for you, however, Money Hoarders, to watch well the *tug* that is approaching. Something or other is likely enough to be attempted, or, at least, proposed. The moment a proposition is made to deduct any thing from the Fundholder, that moment the Funds *fall*. They will fall below those of France in one day. The ultimate consequences it is no use to dwell upon here; but, you know well, how safe a thing Gold is. Those who can get Gold now, and who neglect to do it, will, *before Christmas*; or, at least, before February, **REPENT OF THEIR NEGLIGENCE!** Mind, I say this very deliberately

I say it with an earnest desire that every body who reads this may follow my advice, it being always my earnest desire that those who read what I write, should profit from their reading. Many are the instances, in which I have clearly foreseen what was coming; but never did I more confidently expect any event whatever, than I now expect those events, which will make it a subject of deep regret with every one, who shall have the power to turn paper or funds into Gold, that he has neglected to do it. As sure as Christmas will come, so sure will come a state of things, such as shall make every man rejoice who has had the prudence to get Gold.

The old periodical humbug, commonly called the Quarter's Revenue; this old farcical thing has been played off this month, without its usual success. It is always a lie; always a piece of imposture, but generally the imposture is abetted and assisted by the base newspapers of London, from which the lies are poured out into the country bottles of drugs. I remember that, in the height of prosperity, one of these Quarter's Revenues was noticed by a very stupid ass of the name of BAINES, who publishes a paper

at Leeds, called the Leeds Mercury, I believe. This fellow, after inserting the account of the "Quarter's Revenue," observed, that "this affords the best possible proof of the *increasing prosperity of the country.*" In observing upon this, I began in the following words: "Stupid cuckoo (singularly complimentary!) stupid echo of the stupid London Press! Stupid BAINES, "with head as empty as thy purse "is full." After these personal compliments, I proceeded to show the creature, that the augmentation in the Revenue, had arisen from the *diminution in the value of the money.* I showed that the Government had not got more money in reality, though they had got more in name.

The present Quarter's Revenue has fallen off in nominal amount; but it is, in fact, a much larger sum taken from the people. The present Quarter's Revenue will buy a sixth more of bread, a fourth more of meat, a half more of cottons and of many other things, than could have been bought with the Quarter's Revenue of 1825. This is the way to look at the matter. It is very true, that those whom the Government have to pay, make no abatement on account of the low prices

of provision and clothing. No: they are to be paid so much money; and though the raising the value of money, diminishes the amount of the Quarter's Revenue, the people who have to be paid out of that Revenue will have the same sum that they used to have.

I have no great opinion that there will be much of a falling off in the Revenue. There will be a monstrous falling off in the rents of landlords, in the profits of Merchants, Manufacturers, and Tradesmen of every description; but, while the Revenue will take away rents and profits, it will not, I think, fall off *greatly* itself, and especially for some time to come. But, even a little falling off, together with alarming news from the country, and all the manifest dangers, which a falling off of trade will give rise to, will certainly cause the funds to fall. Therefore, as it is hardly possible that they will sell for more than they sell for now, *now is the time to sell*; and NOW is the time to get the gold! I do not say that Mr. WESTERN'S advice will be followed, and that there will be, "An Act for the protection of the Bank for a limited time—SAY to the next Session of Parliament." I do not give it as my opinion that this will be done;

but I know that the whole mass of Jews and Jobbers wish it. And I know this further, that, if this measure be adopted, *one golden sovereign will buy a ten pound note, in a very short time afterwards*. Well, now, mind, either this must take place; either this must take place, I say, or there must be a REDUCTION OF THE INTEREST OF THE DEBT; or, there must be a CONVULSIVE BLOWING UP OF THE WHOLE THING. Consider, then, what would be the situation of a man, who, in either of these cases, held paper-money or Funds! Let no one say, to himself, "I'll wait a little," "I'll wait until the danger becomes manifest." Let no one say this; for, when the danger becomes manifest, the Funds will have fallen. Now, therefore, is the time to realize. My opinion is, that no better time will ever come; my opinion is, that in this ticklish state of things, there is no security in any thing but Gold. There is no knowing what may happen; but we all know that man is safe, whose property is deposited in Gold.

WM. COBBETT.

SCOTCH REVENGE.

The Scotch *feelosofee* of "*cheap currency*," of "*surplus capital*," of "*surplus population*," of "*anti-child-breeding*," of the *benefit and happiness* flowing from great manufacturing establishments, of the gains from making *loans to South America*; all this Scotch *feelosofee* has received such blows from the events of the last eight months, and has been the subject of so much laughter, that DOCTOR BLACK, (editor of the London Morning Chronicle), who was one of the leading *feelosofers*, has, for a long while, been very *wary*. He has ventured upon no *opinions* as to political events; and has endeavoured to amuse his readers by showing how much more *free* and *moral* the Scotch are than we are! What effect these lucubrations may have had on the *poor old Chronicle itself*, I know not; but, for myself, I must confess, that I, as a reader, feel great relief at a change of matter in the DOCTOR, though the change consists of what he, I dare say, deems pretty sharp sarcasm on myself.

The DOCTOR's wit assails me on two points; the first is that of

South America; but here the DOCTOR plays foul. He wishes to represent me as a *friend of the King of Spain*, and as, from *that motive*, wanting to see the new republics overset. No: I care not a straw for the King of Spain. I want to see the republics overset, in order to prevent their new tyrants from *robbing the people* of those countries, and from *sharing the spoil with Jews and other villains in England*. If a revolution cannot be made without loading the people with a *national debt*, it ought not to be made. There is NO POLITICAL CURSE equal to that of a *national debt*. When DOCTOR BLACK can prove to me, that the King of Spain used to shut the people up in their cabins from sun-set to sun-rise, and transported them, without judge or jury, for not obeying; when he can prove to me, that the South American Spaniards were ever driven to eat *horse-flesh, draff* (grains), and *sea-weed* which had been spread for *manure*; when he can prove to me, that the common labouring people in that country, had not a quarter part of the food of a soldier, and not so much as the felons in the jails: when DOCTOR BLACK, liberty-loving Doctor Black, can prove these things to

me, *even then* I will not allow that the people ought to have desired a change, if that change were not to be effected without loading them with a *national debt*, and consequent *perpetual army*, which I think *ten million times worse* than the *inquisition*, even supposing this to have been all that our Parsons have ever told us. There are, I suppose, records, or pretended records, of the *sufferings inflicted by the inquisition*. Let them be produced; and I will produce the *sufferings inflicted by our revenue laws*! I would soon make ST. DOMINICK blush at his want of *zeal*.

Oh, no! I am not to be *feelosofised* out of my senses. It is very well to make revolutions now and then, but not by the means of *loans*, to pay the interest of which the labour of the child in the cradle is mortgaged. This is an odd way of gaining *liberty*. Better, surely, to be the "*slave*" of Ferdinand, and free from taxes, than be a "*free republican*," and loaded with taxes. Names are nothing worth: it is *things* that we ought to attend to. The truth is, that the man who can keep the fruit of his property, or labour, *for his own use*, is a really **FREE MAN**: he who has it, or an considerable part of it, taken

away from him, without his own consent freely given, is a **SLAVE**. Therefore, as a friend of freedom, I must wish, and I do wish, complete overthrow and destruction to all those aspiring villains who attempt to load their countrymen with *debts, taxes, and standing armies*, under pretence of making them **FREE**!

But, far is this from being all. I rejoice that the Jews and other greedy wretches in England, who have lent their money to the BOLIVARS, will lose it. In the first place, God forbid that they should hold the South Americans in the slavery of *national debt*, and make them eat *horse flesh and druff*; and, in the next place, every loss of this sort, sustained by the Jews, is a *heavy blow given to corruption*, including all her hellish fry. The fall of the "**COLOMBIAN BONDS**" is calculated to raise the hopes of every good Englishman. This fall, and the fall of the other "*bonds*," will, in the end, bring to beggary some *eight or ten thousand* families of gamblers, including about *fifty thousand persons*. These are all vermin who cordially support *corruption*; and, thus, she loses a prop; thus she becomes more feeble than she was; she becomes less sharp in her bitings; she has less of the

devil in her. And, *en passant*, this ruin of the gamblers gives the COTTON LORDS a blow. Some of them are themselves bondholders; and, at any rate, they must have *something* dependent upon these bonds, these famous "*securities*." If the London thief-taker, whom they have got down at the hell-hole, Manchester, to guard them, could cause the Colombians to pay the interest on their bonds, he would, indeed, be a treasure; but, this cannot be accomplished, even by the famous "BOROUGHREEVE and CONSTABLES." Even these famous fellows cannot make the Colombians pay their debts, and cannot keep the Cotton Lords from breaking.

The bursting of the South American bubble, being a blow given to corruption, must be for the general good. Therefore, I rejoice at the bursting of this bubble. It is good for various reasons; it is retaliation on the bubblers, themselves; but, if there were nothing else in it, it is a confirmation of the *correctness of my opinions*; it is another proof, added to the many that have gone before, that I am worthy of that great confidence, which the people at large repose in my political knowledge and foresight: and, to afford this additional proof; to strengthen

the confidence which a large part of the people have in me, is, I imagine, well worth the crushing of whole crowds of Stock-jobbers and Cotton-Lords.

This brings me, naturally enough, to the second point, on which Doctor BLACK has sought to execute a little of his Scotch revenge. The Doctor, in the Chronicle (poor old Chronicle!) of July 8th, first takes the following passage from my last Register, which I re-insert here, lest the reader of this should not possess that Register.

"The country (says Mr. Cob-bett) will believe, and you will believe, that the man who could, in November last, foresee so precisely what was about to happen, as to this great department of the nation's affairs (the South American), you will believe that such a man would have done something in Parliament.--Aye; and this the Government, the Boroughmongers, the whole body of tax-eaters know right well. They know that that man would have done something; and they know that that something would have affected them most deeply. Vain, however, are their efforts to keep me out of Parliament: in that Parliament I must be, or there must be a dreadful con-

“*vulsion*. Now mark, this I pre-
 “dict with as much confidence as
 “I ever predicted any thing in
 “my life.—Every day has added
 “a thickening to the mess from
 “the time that I last embarked
 “for America to the present day.
 “I have proposed the remedy;
 “that is to say, I have proposed
 “the principles of the remedy;
 “and there is no other remedy
 “under heaven, whereby this na-
 “tion is to be saved from a dread-
 “ful convulsion. I have the de-
 “tails of that remedy down to the
 “minutest provisions, drawn up in
 “the shape of an Act of Parlia-
 “ment. That remedy adopted,
 “that Act once passed, all would
 “soon become harmony in the
 “country, safety to the State,
 “competence amongst the now
 “half-bankrupt tradesmen, and
 “plenty of food and raiment
 “amongst the more than half-
 “starved working classes; but this
 “remedy, these details, shall never
 “be seen by any eyes other than
 “those of my own family as long
 “as these abominable conspira-
 “cies, these foul and unnatural
 “combinations and coalitions,
 “continue to exclude me from my
 “proper place in the Govern-
 “ment. In Parliament I will be,
 “or this remedy shall never be
 “communicated to the public.”

Having this passage before
 him, the Doctor puts at the head
 of his remarks, the following title;
 “MR. COBBETT AND THE AP-
 PROACHING CONVULSION.” Then,
 giving his nose a twist, and seem-
 ing to look inwards, with sarcastic
 delight; grinning with satisfac-
 tion at the expected effect of his
 exploit; and taking a good hearty
 gribing scratch at his hoxter, as
 he dips his pen into the dirty pot,
 he proceeds thus:—“The great
 “are often very much in want of
 “people to inform them how their
 “power of conferring favours can
 “be beneficially exercised. Of
 “this we have a signal instance
 “in the present of a Borough by
 “the *Earl of Radnor* to a Gentle-
 “man, who, if he were to open his
 “mouth in the House of Com-
 “mons, would have a number of
 “mouths at the Lakes unstopped,
 “for which he must provide by
 “the daily exercise of his ten
 “fingers. Mr. Southey can only
 “save us by destroying himself and
 “family—a dilemma, we dare
 “say, which the Noble Earl never
 “contemplated. But Mr. Cob-
 “bett would receive the Borough
 “and be thankful for it; and
 “what is more, his Lordship
 “would not only oblige Mr. Cob-
 “bett by the gift, but *save us all*
 “*from a dreadful convulsion, for he*

" alone possesses the knowledge
 " of the means to save us from
 " such a calamity ; and he tells
 " us in *The Register* of to-day,
 " that ' so long as he is excluded
 " ' from his proper place in the
 " ' Government,' the details of his
 " plan shall *never be seen by any*
 " *eyes other than those of his own*
 " *family*. Surely his lordship
 " will not allow us to be swallowed
 " up by a dreadful convulsion,
 " when he possesses the means of
 " saving us. Besides, his Lord-
 " ship might be serving at the
 " same time his own family, by
 " *relieving Lord Folkestone from*
 " *the necessity of another sub-*
 " *scription of 50l.*"

The observation at the close of
 this paragraph, is manifestly in-
 tended to do a *little mischief* ; to
 cause a little ill blood, if possible
 between Lord FOLKESTONE and
 his father, who, as gentle Sawney
 supposes, may differ in opinion
 with regard to me ; and, there-
 fore, civil Sawney took this me-
 thod, as he thinks, of making the
 father acquainted with what the
 son might wish to keep from him.
 The Doctor will be disappointed,
 when he is told, that the name of
 Lord FOLKESTONE, at full length,
 was written down in the subscrip-
 tion list by himself, with an in-

tentation, of course, that it should
 be printed and published.

As to the other part of this pa-
 ragraph, it consists, altogether, of
 a sarcasm on my statement, that
 if I be not placed in Parliament,
 the present embarrassments and
 distress will end in a dreadful
 convulsion. I say that I am able
 to point out a remedy for the
 evils which afflict the nation ; but
 that this remedy shall not be made
 known by me, unless from my
 place in the Parliament. This
 Doctor Black makes the subject
 of SARCASM ; mere sarcasm, and
 nothing more. The Doctor has
 been, for about six or seven years,
 committing all sorts of political
 blunders ; he, and his brother
 Doctor, PETER MACCULLOCH, to-
 gether with the Edinburgh Re-
 view, and the rest of the Scotch
 coadjutors, have been constantly
 at work, leading the country into
 these calamities. Amongst them
 all, however, the greatest and most
 pertinacious blunderer has been
 this very Doctor BLACK. He la-
 boured with all his might to incul-
 cate a confidence in the Govern-
 ment of the Cortes, and to induce
 people to purchase their bonds. I
 begged people not to believe in the
 stability of the Government of the
 Cortes ; and above all things, not
 to deal in Spanish Bonds. This

feelosopher was engaged during more than four months in endeavours to persuade the people of England, that the French would not march into Spain; and that, if they should march into Spain, they would be driven out again by the Spaniards; and if not driven out by the Spaniards, England would not suffer them to approach the South of Spain. I told the people that the French would march to Madrid with twenty thousand men. That they would put down the Government of the Cortes, and all its partisans; that they would take possession of Cadiz and Corunna; and that they would keep possession of them as long as they pleased, without suffering England to ask any questions about the matter. The Scotch Doctor joined Mr. FREDERICK ROBINSON in unbounded exultations relative to our *prosperity*, and insisted that that prosperity would be permanent. Week by week I rebuked him for spreading these falsehoods abroad, and warned him of the consequences of his delusions. This Scotchman insisted (with ADAM SMITH), that paper-money, being a "cheap currency," was a clear gain to a Nation, and much less dangerous to the possessor than Gold or Silver coin. I

told him that breaking Banks would soon teach him to curse his own doctrine. This Scotchman praised the foreign loans to the skies, and particularly the loans to South America. Many others did it as well as he; but he did it in a louder tone than any body else. He was one of the great bubblers: he had a great hand in maddening the people. What did I do at that time? I so decidedly reprobated the loans to South America; I so jeered at the shares in the *mines*; I so scouted the whole nest of gamblers, and all the whole concern taken together; while so many thousands were ready to fling their money into these loans; I so positively said that the whole of the money would be thrown away, that even many of my own readers thought I was a little too obstinate upon this particular point. Alas! how many hundred families have been ruined for listening to this Scotchman's advice, in place of listening to mine. The public well remembers the exultation of this ignorant man, at the building of the numerous Cotton Mills, which were erected from 1822 to 1825. They will recollect also, his incessant, his teasing, his pertinacious reproaches on the country labourers, of the South of Eng-

land, for not going to the North and becoming Manufacturers. I told this pertinacious Scotchman that the Cotton Mills would prove a curse, that horrible misery would arise from drawing the people into such masses. After the symptoms of the breaking up of the Banks appeared, this man said that it was "a mere ebullition of prosperity." It was he, principally, who put forth the principles that were combated in the words of my motto. I, long before the Banks began to break, told him they would break; and from that day, to the time when it became useless to remonstrate with him any longer; and till, indeed, he became silent, and afraid to open his lips, I kept on exposing his folly, while events kept steadily on, proclaiming the correctness of my opinions.

Now, all this the public knows to be perfectly true: it is as well known, as almost any set of facts that ever were placed before the people: and, now my assertion that I am capable to apply a remedy to these evils, brings from him a sawney-like *sarcasm*! Poor feeble mode of seeking revenge for my innumerable exposures of his ignorance.

However, far am I from lamenting that the occasion has thus offered for my deliberately asserting that which this Scotchman would fain have his readers regard as a subject of ridicule. I state distinctly that I believe, that the present trouble will lead to general and dreadful convulsion in the country, unless my remedy be applied; and I say that the details of that remedy shall not be made known, unless I am in Parliament. I have said this before:

I say it now: and, most assuredly, I will stand to it. Nothing shall be done by me to prevent any calamity to the country, unless I be in Parliament. I will keep on remarking upon what passes; I will keep on exposing the wickedness or stupidity of measures that are adopted; I will keep on, when it answers my purpose, to say what I think will happen; I will keep on discussing the several subjects connected with these embarrassments and this distress; but, never will I put upon paper the details of any plan, for the cure of these evils, unless I be first placed in Parliament.

And, though Sawney affect to laugh at this, this is no laughing matter, with a very great part of the people of this kingdom. It is possible that I am a vain boaster, and that I possess no such remedy as I talk of; but, nineteen-twentieths, if not ninety-nine hundredths of the people, believe that I do possess it; and that is pretty nearly as good as if I did. It signifies not much what the fact is; but I am quite sure that the people of England believe me to understand these matters better than all the other men in England put together. Ten thousand times my ears have been saluted, from the lips of men that I had never seen before, and was never, in all probability, to see again: "Here's the cleverest man in England";—"there's the cleverest man in England";—"here we have got the cleverest man in England";—"now," said a man that jumped up on the back of my carriage to shake hands with me, as I was going into Bolton—"now," said he, "I can say that I have shook hands with the greatest man in

"England." This was their general cry; and when they came, expressly from twenty or thirty miles' distance to shake hands with me, they seemed in ecstasy of delight to think that they had succeeded in seeing and shaking by the hand, him, whom almost all of them, called the "cleverest man in England."

Now, it is just possible that all these may be people of unsound judgment. At any rate, they were not parasites: they could not be flatterers: they had never seen me before, and they were never to see me again. They were not half hired vagabonds like the vile newspaper proprietors of London; their words were not paid for, at so much the piece; the man whom they were praising had nothing to give them, and no power upon earth to serve them. The King had some precious praises bestowed upon him by his Irish, Scotch and Hanoverian subjects: in exchange for the whole of them, I would not give the words of a poor weaver at Blackburn, who, lifting his little girl up in the crowd and pretty nearly in the dark, held her towards me to shake hands with her, and then, taking her down, said: "Theere, now th'ast shooked 'honds wi' th' cleverest mon in 'England.'"

They may be mistaken in all this; but *this is their opinion*. Nobody can root the opinion out of them; and, in a case like this, it is not so much what is; but what is believed to be. The great thing of all, when a strong and extensive remedy is to be applied to national evils, is the *confidence of the people*; and whether merited or not, that confidence I have from the people of England, to a thousand

times greater extent than any other man alive. This is my sincere belief; and I should not be afraid to put it to the test against any other man, and in any part of the kingdom. Nor, is this so very surprising. I have written, and published, about **TEN MILLIONS** of copies of books, of various sorts, little and big: if the whole of the print were spread out, upon the ground, and supposing the print to be only on one side of the paper, it would cover upwards of **SIX THOUSAND STATUTE ACRES** of land. I dare say that the Essays which I have written with a manifestly sincere intention to better the lot of the *working classes*, would, if all the printed sheets were spread out singly, cover ten or a dozen acres of land. Now all this has not been done for *nothing*, infamous newspapers and magazines and reviews have been bellowing at me all the time. Stupid and proud and insolent and base aristocrats, aided by the parsons, have always hated me: but altogether have not been able to prevent me from making a deep and universal impression upon the minds of the working and middling classes of people. Every where I have the confidence of these classes of the people. All the calumnies heaped upon me have been totally dissipated by time and by truth. Very curious this! When I was first going to Preston, some friends told me that there were placards posted about the town, containing the stuff put out by the monster, Carlile; containing the old lies about **BURDETT AND HIS DEBT**; about **PAINE'S BONES**, and, in short, all the old lies that the villanous old Times has been putting forth for these

twenty years. Daddy COKE and Lord SUFFIELD seem to have had some most successful rivals at Preston. It was, therefore, suggested to me, that it would be good to give a plain answer to these calumnies. But, my answer was this: "They have placarded the town with their infamous lies: they have had a fortnight to do it in: but the thing comes to this point, I will answer no calumny either in print or in speech: I believe, that my presence in Preston; I believe that to see me and hear me, will at once drive all the calumnies to the Devil; and if this be not the case, *I have no business at Preston*: if the people at Preston want me to defend my character against ANNA BRODIE and beast CARLILE, I have no business at Preston."

The people of Preston wanted no defence of me. The mean reptiles belonging to the Liverpool Junta, brought down bales of Carlile's infamies, cut off the name of the Monster, and circulated the Bills. The other parties did the same; and STANLEY's people had, we heard, got a *Paine's Bones* painted to exhibit before me. As to the Bills and placards, the moment they were out the people demolished them; and those who had the painting of Paine's Bones had too much love for their own bones to bring it out; so it never saw the light, except it might be in Mr. STANLEY's Committee-room. So there was I safe, not only in person, but in character; and that amongst a people who had never seen me before. Whenever I appeared I was greeted with cheers and with blessings; and, observe, I made,

during the time I was there, upwards of thirty speeches in public, and all this to great bodies of people. There were seventy Master Manufacturers in the town, the greater part of the rich people were opposed to me. Each Master Manufacturer has some overseers at his nod. Yet, during the whole of those speeches, there never was a single man to utter a word of reproach or accusation against me. I will always say that the rich people in Preston never behaved rudely to me, and I believe it to be a place distinguished for its excellently good manners. Still there was a great deal of strenuous hostility existing against me. And, notwithstanding this, never did I receive in that town, except from opponents at the hustings, one single word of reproach or rebuke.

This alone shows the impotence of the calumnies against me.—They have been completely dissipated. The knaves who *affect* to believe them, indulge a hope that others will really believe them; but the great body of the people now believe not one single word that is said against me, be they what they may. What will beast Carlile and his cousin Anna Brodie take to go down to Blackburn, or Preston or Bolton, and *tell the people who they are?* In order to make their reception the more distinguished, they might take Woody's friend, the Author of the "*Book of Wonders*," along with them. I very much suspect none of them would ever come back to give an account of the "*Manufacturing and disturbed districts*."

To return to Sawney and his sarcasm; it does not signify, then,

whether I be this clever man or not; that is not the question; it is clear that the *people think* that I am; and that is enough. Nay, whatever Sawney may think of the matter, I am quite convinced, that my not being returned one of the Members for Preston will add to the dangers in the Manufacturing Districts. No matter whether with or without reason, the people throughout those populous countries, fully expecting that I should be elected, were prepared to make great sacrifices, and to wait with patience, *in order to see what I could effect for them in Parliament.* The necessary consequence of their disappointment is, a despair of any good from my exertions, and additional hatred against those whom they suspect of having been the cause of my being kept out of Parliament.

I now take my leave of Sawney and his sarcastic revenge. Nothing that the stupid Scotch phalanx can say or do, will have the smallest tendency towards preventing my putting forward my claim to a place in the Parliament: and, again I say, that in that Parliament I shall be; or, that I am firmly convinced, these embarrassments and distresses will never end without a dreadful convulsion. One great thing in such a case is, that the measures adopted should come from a man *in whose wisdom the people have confidence*: and, as a man, moreover, whom the labouring people *know to be their friend*; a man, whom the **WHOLE OF THEM KNOWS**, either by sight or by reputation; a man, whom they have all talked to one another about; a man, whose name is as familiar to them as their own

names; and a man, whom there is somebody or other to come and see, and shake hands with, in every village, however small, in the whole country. Is there a Scotchman, who will bet me any thing, that I do not, in any town in his own country, draw forth fifty times as many people to see me, as he can to see him?

Well, then, this is being in reality a famous man. And famous for *what*? For his *writings* to be sure, and for his speeches. And what have these writings and speeches been about? Why, *dry politics*; and particularly about matters that now most vitally interest the country. Observe, too, that this is fame obtained without *power*, without *riches*, without *powerful friends*, without *a party*, and without ever having acted the part of a *demagogue*. It is fame, arising from great natural talent, astonishing industry and perseverance, a sincere love of country, and an anxious desire and constant endeavour to secure the liberty and to promote the honour and happiness of that country, and particularly to defend and protect the most defenceless part of the people. This is the foundation of my fame. Never was there a solider foundation; and, the maxim which forbids a man to be the trumpeter of his own fame does not apply to him who has three hundred scoundrel newspapers, fifty Magazines and Reviews, an all-devouring Aristocracy and Church, and endless bands of blackguard Quakers, Merchants, and Cotton Lords combined against him.

For now nearly 20 years, I have been at *issue* with *every branch of power* in this powerful state: with

Ministers, Parliament, Aristocracy, Parsons, Bankers, Merchants, Army, Navy, and every thing powerful or rich. The *cause* was this: they all wished for the *duration* of the system of *funding* and *paper-money*, and I for its *destruction*. They predicted its *stability*; I predicted its *ruin*. We appealed to *time*: time has decided for me; and *they mortally hate me for the decision*. Various have been the *points* on which we have been at issue; but, to draw all into one point, it was this: I insisted, **THAT THERE MUST BE A REDUCTION OF THE INTEREST OF THE DEBT**: they, seeing that reduction must bring *reform*, insisted on the contrary; and they called me "**ROGUE**," and all sorts of vile things, *because I said that there must be such reduction*.

This, then, is the subject on which we have been at issue, on which I have been opposed by a foolish, base aristocracy, by a greedy and malignant priesthood, by swarms of placemen, pensioners, sinecure-people, dead-weight, and other tax-eaters, and by every reptile in the kingdom who has appeared *in print*, including the servile proprietors of about three hundred newspapers. **TIME**, as I told Lord Grey, three years ago, *works for me*. It has long been dividing the politicians into two parties; the **COBBETTS**, and the **LORD CHARLESES**;—that is to say, the *men of sense*, and the *proud fools*; and, the grand question has been, and is, **CAN THE INTEREST OF THE DEBT BE PAID IN THE KING'S COIN?** The Cobbetts say, **NO**: the Lord Charleses say, **YES**. All this is

well known to the public. Every man in the nation knows it. Every man has fresh in his mind the brutal attack made on me by **DADDY COKE** and by that **HARBOARD**, whose father-in-law left him the *curious legacy*. The whole nation has witnessed the infamous abuse heaped on me by the rascally newspaper people, *because I insisted on the necessity of a reduction of the interest of the Debt*. The whole nation remembers the abuse poured out on me in the *House of Commons*, by **KNATCHBULL**,—by **HONEYWOOD**, by Lord **JOHN RUSSELL**, by **JOHN SMITH**, (Ah! *Carrington!*) by Lord **CLIFTON**, by **CALCRAFT**, by **J. MARTIN**, and others, only because I proposed to the people of Kent to petition for a **JUST REDUCTION** of the interest of the Debt. The whole nation recollects these things, and especially how the base newspapers fell upon me on this occasion; now the vile hell-hounds set up against me one general howl; the filthy cur of the **MORNING HERALD** being amongst the foremost and the loudest.

Well, then, all this being borne in mind, let us see what this same **MORNING HERALD**, of this very day (12 July), **NOW** says upon this great point of dispute between the **COBBETTS**, and the **LORD CHARLESES**; that is, to say, the *men of sense*, and the *proud fools*. This Herald, this **THWAITES**, this tool of the **LORD CHARLESES**, now speaks thus, in his paper abovementioned.

"We have no hesitation in saying, *that the country is ripe for a reduction of the debt*. It is talked of in all quarters—in the highest as well as in the

"lowest circles; and the period is fast approaching when its policy will be discussed in the House of Commons. Ministers would willingly get rid of a part of it. This would relieve them of an anxious load. They would have no occasion to resort to schemes and expedients to bolster up the debt system, nor would they keep back the accounts as at present for the purpose of putting them in such a state as may be most likely to please the public. Ministers in their places are constantly speaking of the necessity of keeping faith with the public creditors. Such speeches we regard as mere matters of course. We cannot think the Ministers altogether sincere. Mr. ROBINSON himself knows what a relief it would be to himself, as well as to the country, if he had to put down to the score of the debt only 20 millions instead of 30 annually. He dare not, however, yet bring the subject before the House. And so long as Government can find money to pay all demands, no change will probably take place, so far as the debt—the bane of the country—the principal cause of the high taxation—is concerned."

Now, what need of more to prove me to be what the good and sensible people in the north called me, "the cleverest man in England"? Surely, he that could foresee what nobody else could foresee; surely, he who could, as to these great national matters, foresee all that was coming, and that could distinctly foretell it; surely, that man, who, it is now proved, clearly saw these im-

portant things that were hidden from the eyes of the Ministers, from those of the Parliament, and from those of every body else, and who had the courage and the public spirit to persevere in proclaiming the truth, though it brought on him the violent hostility of all that was powerful; surely, that man may now say, that he is the fittest, if not the only man, to rescue the country from its dangers; aye, the spiteful and vindictive sarcasms of conceited and baffled SAWNEY notwithstanding.

When the Kentish petition, praying for reform first, and then for "a JUST REDUCTION of the interest of the Debt," was before the House, KNATCHBULL had the brass to say, that my "character and conduct were worthy of reprobation." A KNATCHBULL was, indeed, a pretty fellow to talk of character! A history of the family of Knatchbull would be worth reading! Upon the same occasion LORD JOHN RUSSELL said, that the fundholder's property was as sacred as a Lord's estate. Mr. BROUGHAM said, there could be "no such thing" as a "just reduction" of the debt. CASTLEREAGH, who, in about six weeks afterwards, cut his own throat at North Cray, in that same Kent, said, that he would agree to the printing of the petition, that it might be recorded, and that this might be a warning to other counties not to disgrace themselves by presenting such petitions! So, the House was to do all the honour it could do to the petition, in order to disgrace it! Faith, this fellow really was mad! The Kentish jury were right. A mad "leader" of the Honourable House! But,

Mr. J. MARTIN, the banker, pushed the matter farthest; for, "he wished the House to *reject the petition altogether*; or, if they did not do that, *never to separate* until they had come to a specific **RESOLUTION NEVER TO REDUCE THE INTEREST OF THE DEBT!**"

It is impossible to recollect these things, without seeing what a magnificent triumph the Cobbetts have yet to enjoy over the Lord Charleses and their base newspapers. Ah! it is in vain for the stupid and malignant reptiles to *hope* any longer. The fact is, they scarcely do hope now. The newspapers can hardly muster up an expression of *triumph* at my non-return for Preston. There is, to be sure, that "super-human" farrago of bombast and servility, the **IRISH-MAN**, owned by Mr. JOHN LAWLESS in Dublin (lately in Belfast); there is that half-gloomy and half-mad vehicle, which puts forth heaps of half venomous and half drunken lies "**FROM PRESTON,**" and points them out to its readers as "*very curious*;" there is this collection of chance-medley morals and politics, whose author will, perhaps, merit a place in the *forth-coming Comedy*, to be called "**THE ORDER OF LIBRATORS**;" there is this mass of miscellaneous effusions of intense folly, very near a-kin to intense malice; there is this "best public instructor," under date of 5th July, 1826, telling its readers: "*Thus ends the Preston election, and here must terminate for ever William Cobbett's chance of entering the House of Commons*;" there is this, to be sure;

but this man of the regions of bothération and bombast knows nothing of what is passing *here*. Here men's brains are not in such an "intense" state. We can look coolly at things here; and, whatever Mr. LAWLESS may think of the matter, William Cobbett's fame and influence will go on increasing, until, at last, they will be completed by the Government proposing *measures for reducing the interest of the Debt*. This will bring us all up to our proper mark; it will put *each of us in his proper place*; and this will come, or a *dreadful convulsion* will come.

WM. COBBETT.

THE
POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

I SHALL, in a few days, have for sale, at my shop in Fleet-street, the *first Number* of a little work under the above title. I intend it to contain about *six Numbers*, at *Two-pence* a Number, to be published *Monthly*. I intend it to be the *Companion of the Working Classes*, giving them useful **INFORMATION and ADVICE**, adapted to their present difficult situation; and especially I intend it as the means of teaching them how **TO AVOID SUFFERING FROM HUNGER!** I intend to explain clearly to them their *rights* and their *duties*. Applications from the country should be made *without delay*. I shall give one copy of each Number to every working family in Preston, as a mark of

my gratitude for their great kindness towards me, and also as a mark of my admiration of their sense and their public spirit.

LYING NEWSPAPERS.

THESE ruffians have hatched a thousand lies, relative to *Preston*. LAWLESS has published the most barefaced in his newspaper, called the *IRISHMAN*. One of the papers said, that, when the Mayor told me, that the Duke of MONTEBELLO was in the Court, I said, "*I am as great a man as he.*" Base liar! I never uttered any such words. My words were these: "*I really do not see, Sir, what I have to do with that: I want to know nothing of Buona-parte's generals.*" The lying HERALD said, that Dr. CROMPTON answered an appeal of mine by saying, that I was "*no gentleman, and that he would not answer me.*" Never was such a word uttered. The Doctor was a constant auditor at my speeches,

from the inn window.—The base Herald suppressed my answer to Stanley of the 19th of June (while the Duke of Montebello was in court!); but I shall take care to preserve that in the first Number of "*POOR MAN'S FRIEND.*" I will take care that that lashing shall be remembered in Preston, as long as STANLEY shall dare to show his face there; and, if he be half as well provided with sense, as I saw him provided with SPITTLE, he will never show his face there again.

The following is a list of Contributions towards the fund for obtaining a seat in Parliament for Mr. Cobbett, which were received by Sir Thos. Beevor, at Preston:

From Mr. Martin, Yarmouth,	£ 10 0 0
Mr. Abel Halewell - - -	3 0 0
Mr. Ebenezer Black - - -	5 0 0
Mr. Barker - - - - -	3 0 0
Mr. Laing - - - - -	1 0 0
Mr. Foster - - - - -	7 0 0
Mr. James Gardener - - -	6 0 0
Mr. Haywood, Sheffield	3 4 6

MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending July 1.

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat ..	55	11	Rye	38	9
Barley ..	28	8	Beans ...	38	3
Oats	24	3	Pease ...	39	3

Total Quantity of Corn returned as Sold in the Maritime Districts, for the Week ended July 1.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
Wheat ..	33,976	Rye	124
Barley ..	1,916	Beans ...	2,674
Oats ...	14,391	Pease ...	288

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, July 1.

	Qrs.	£.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat..	3,121 for	9,271	16	5	Average,	59 4
Barley..	866 ..	1,168	3	9	26 11
Oats..	8,439 ..	11,016	5	1	26 1
Rye....	— ..	—	—	—	—
Beans..	1,037	2,098	7	6	40 5
Pease ..	43	88	17	2	41 3

Friday, July 7.—There have been short supplies of all kinds of Corn since Monday last. Wheat sells very languidly at the terms last quoted. Barley, Beans, Pease, and Oats, find few buyers, even at the

terms of Monday, notwithstanding the unfavourable reports of the spring crops.

Monday, July 10.—There were moderate supplies of all descriptions of Grain last week, and this morning the fresh arrivals are again small. The demand of the best samples of Wheat has been tolerably free, but no advance can be quoted in the prices: other qualities are much neglected.

The advices from the country state that showers of rain, during the past week, have in many parts proved very beneficial to the spring crops, hence the demand for Barley, Beans and Pease has greatly slackened in this market, and the prices of each may be reported the same as last Monday.

Fine sweet parcels of Oats meet sale on full as good terms as last Monday; but such samples as are stale, meet a dull trade. In Flour there is no alteration. Old Tares are 3s. to 4s. per quarter higher.

Price on board Ship as under.

Flour, per sack	50s. — 55s.
— Seconds	42s. — 46s.
— North Country	..	40s. — 43s.

Price of Bread.—The price of the 4lb. Loaf is stated at 9½d. by the full-priced Bakers.

Account of Wheat, &c. arrived in the Port of London, from July 3 to July 8, both inclusive.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
Wheat...	3,338	Tares	—
Barley ..	464	Linseed ..	—
Malt....	3,743	Rapeseed .	35
Oats	7,835	Brank ..	300
Beans ...	680	Mustard ..	—
Flour....	7,006	Flax	—
Rye	—	Hemp ...	—
Pease....	120	Seeds ...	10

Foreign.—Wheat, 6,695; and Oats, 1,771 quarters.

Price of Hops, per Cwt. in the Borough.

Monday, July 10.—The strong Bines are growing fast, and begin to show for burr; but the young grounds are going off from fire blast. The Duty is rated at 195,000*l.* to 200,000*l.*; but without very genial weather, through the picking, the Duty is over-rated. Markets steady; but little doing.

City, 12th July, 1826.

BACON.

The demand for this article has a little slackened, and the holders are now inclined to sell at a lower price. Perhaps this alteration would have induced the holders to give a little credit; but for the circumstance of a failure which has just taken place, and which has greatly alarmed the trade. The house alluded to is of twenty or thirty years standing, and heretofore of the first respectability. The state of this house gives rise to apprehensions that there are others in a not much better state. Landed, 60*s.* to 61*s.* for the best.

BUTTER.

Butter has advanced considerably in consequence of the dry weather. But experience has shown that the running up of prices on such grounds,

invariably ends in loss and ruin to the speculators; and what is worse, to those who are concerned with them. Prices are so unsteady, that we forbear to give any quotations at present.

CHEESE.

Prices are advancing in the country, but the trade here will not admit of any profit being made.

Monday, July 10.—The arrivals from Ireland last week were 3,202 firkins of Butter, and 2,465 bales of Bacon; and from Foreign Ports 5,148 casks of Butter.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, July 10.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	3	10	to	4 8
Mutton ...	3	6	—	4 4
Veal	4	8	—	5 4
Pork	4	0	—	4 8
Lamb	4	8	—	5 6
Beasts ...	1,316		Sheep ..	20,560
Calves ...	310		Pigs ...	70

NEWGATE, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef ...	3	0	to	4 0
Mutton ...	3	4	—	4 0
Veal ...	3	4	—	5 4
Pork ...	3	4	—	5 4
Lamb ...	4	4	—	5 4

LEADENHALL, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef ...	3	2	to	4 0
Mutton ...	3	0	—	3 10
Veal ...	3	4	—	5 4
Pork ...	3	8	—	5 0
Lamb ...	3	4	—	5 4

COAL MARKET, July 7.

Ships at Market. Ships sold. Price.

27½ Newcastle..	24	26 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i> to	37 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i>
8. Sunderland	7	33 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> —	37½ 0 <i>d.</i>

POTATOES.

SPITALFIELDS, per Cwt.

Ware.....	£3 10 to 8 0
Middlings.....	3 0 — 4 0
Chats.....	2 5 — 0 0
Common Red..	0 0 — 0 0
Onions, 0s. 0d.—0s. 0d. per bush.	

BOROUGH, per Cwt.

Ware.....	£5 0 to 8 0
Middlings.....	3 0 — 4 10
Chats.....	2 0 — 2 10
Common Red..	0 0 — 0 0

HAY and STRAW, per Load.

Smithfield.—Hay....70s. to 100s.

Straw...34s. to 38s.

Clover. 90s. to 120s.

St. James's.—Hay... 74s. to 115s

Straw .. 39s. to 42s.

Clover 102s. to 126s.

Whitechapel.—Hay....70s. to 100s.

Straw...33s. to 40s.

Clover..90s. to 120s.

COUNTRY CORN MARKETS.

By the QUARTER, excepting where otherwise named; from Wednesday to Saturday last, inclusive.

The Scotch Markets are the Returns of the Week before.

	Wheat.			Barley.			Oats.			Beans.			Pease.		
	s.	to s.	d.	s.	to s.	d.	s.	to s.	d.	s.	to s.	d.	s.	to s.	d.
Aylesbury	52	56	0	34	36	0	30	32	0	46	48	0	0	0	0
Banbury	48	53	0	30	34	0	30	38	0	48	56	0	0	0	0
Basingstoke	52	63	0	28	32	0	22	27	0	48	52	0	0	0	0
Bridport.....	48	60	0	32	34	0	20	23	0	46	52	0	0	0	0
Chelmsford.....	52	64	0	28	31	0	27	31	0	0	0	0	40	46	0
Derby.....	60	65	0	32	40	0	28	34	0	50	56	0	0	0	0
Devizes.....	46	68	0	30	34	0	25	32	0	46	54	0	0	0	0
Dorchester.....	50	60	0	27	30	0	21	28	0	42	52	0	0	0	0
Exeter.....	64	70	0	34	36	0	23	28	0	28	32	0	0	0	0
Eye	54	60	0	32	36	0	24	28	0	40	42	0	33	42	0
Guildford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Henley.....	62	70	0	20	30	0	26	32	0	46	49	0	44	48	0
Horncastle.....	50	55	0	28	32	0	22	26	0	41	46	0	0	0	0
Hungerford.....	50	64	0	20	32	0	26	32	0	40	56	0	0	0	0
Lewes.....	53	62	0	0	0	0	25	26	6	0	0	0	0	0	0
Newbury	44	68	0	28	32	0	25	34	0	36	52	0	0	0	0
Northampton....	46	56	0	30	34	0	23	28	0	40	44	0	0	0	0
Nottingham	59	0	0	30	0	0	29	0	0	50	0	0	0	0	0
Reading	56	71	0	0	34	0	22	31	0	44	54	0	43	54	0
Stamford.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Stowmarket	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Swansea	78	0	0	28	0	0	26	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Truro	66	0	0	32	0	0	31	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Uxbridge	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Warminster.....	48	62	0	25	32	0	23	28	0	45	52	0	0	0	0
Winchester.....	57	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dalkeith*	28	33	0	20	24	0	20	24	6	20	24	0	18	22	0
Haddington*	29	32	6	21	25	0	22	26	6	18	23	0	18	23	0

* Dalkeith and Haddington are given by the *boll*.—The Scotch *boll* for Wheat, Rye, Pease, and Beans, is three per cent. more than 4 bushels. The *boll* of Barley and Oats, is about 6 bushels Winchester, or as 6 to 8 compared with the English *quarter*.

Liverpool, July 4.—The arrivals of Grain during the week form but a moderate supply, and the sales of Wheat since Tuesday last were to a limited extent, in consequence of the forward state of the crops of this Grain, so that late prices were with difficulty maintained. Barley and Beans supported their late value. At this day's market good fresh Wheats were taken off more freely than for some time past, and Flour was in fair demand at previous rates. The injury sustained by the long drought has created much interest, and caused a general inquiry for all descriptions of Spring Corn, in which business was done to a fair amount, at an advance of 2s. to 3s. per quarter on Barley, Malt, Beans and Pease; and Oats were 1d. to 1½d. per 45 lbs. dearer than upon this day se'nnight. The transactions in bonded Grain were very trivial.

Imported into Liverpool from the 27th June, to 3d July, 1826, inclusive:—Wheat, 9,167; Oats, 9,164; Malt, 2,220; Beans, 542; and Pease, 245 quarters. Flour, 780 sacks, per 280 lbs. Oatmeal, 964 packs, per 240 lbs.

Guildford, July 8.—Wheat, new, for mealings, 12l. to 17l. 10s. per load. Barley, 30s. to 35s.; Oats, 24s. to 34s.; Beans, 46s. to 50s.; and Pease, grey, 48s. to 52s. per quarter.

Norwich, July 8.—We had a large supply of good Wheat to this day's market, and but little variation from the prices of last week. Red sold from 48s. to 54s.; White to 57s.; Barley was higher, the best sold as high as 32s. Oats, 23s. to 27s. Beans, 37s. to 40s. Pease, 38s. to 42s. per quarter; and Flour, 43s. per sack.

Ipswich, July 8.—We had to-day a short supply of all Corn. Wheat was much the same in price as last week; but Beans were 4s. per quarter dearer. Prices as follow:—Wheat, 52s. to 60s.; Barley, none; and Beans, 42s. to 44s. per quarter.

Wakefield, July 7.—We have again a large supply of Wheat; the very finest qualities are ready sale, at an advance of 1s. per quarter. Foreign, and inferior sorts of English are very dull to-day, and but little progress can be made in sales. There is a good supply of Oats, chiefly Foreign; fine English are a ½d. per stone dearer, and the Foreign sell at better prices, up to 14d. per stone. Shelling is scarce, and 2s. per load higher. The supply of Beans is better than for some weeks back; they meet ready sale at an advance of 2s. per quarter. Rapeseed is a very flat article; the duty upon Foreign is now reduced to 10s. per last; the quantity at Hull in bond is large, from 500 to 600 lasts, and the growing crop abroad is well spoken of. With the exception of a heavy shower on Saturday, the weather continues very hot and dry, and the Spring crops, with Potatoes, are suffering severely.—Wheat, Red, 47s. to 62s.; White, 50s. to 66s. per 60 lbs.; Barley, 30s. to 33s.; fine, 35s. per quarter; Beans, small, 49s. to 52s.; tick, 46s. to 49s. per 53 lbs.; Oats, Mealings, 14d. to 15d. per stone; Shelling, 34s. to 36s.; and Malt, 34s. to 47s. per load. Flour, fine, 50s. to 52s. per sack of 280 lbs. Rapeseed, 14l. to 19l. per last.

Manchester, July 8.—With the exception of a few articles, we cannot note any material alteration in the trade since our last, either in demand or prices. There was a very indifferent attendance, and poor show of samples at this day's market, which ruled extremely dull, and at the close very little business had been effected.—Wheat, English, 60s. to 70s. 4d.; Irish, 54s. 11d. to 65s. 2d.; Foreign, 57s. 2d. to 63s. 5d.; Barley, 30s. to 36s.; Oats, Irish, 23s. 8d. to 29s.; Pease, 44s. to 56s. per quarter, Winchester; Beans, English, 50s. to 55s.; Irish, 48s. to 50s. per quarter, 63 lbs. per bushel; Malt, 34s. to 43s. per load, of six imperial bushels.

COUNTRY CATTLE AND MEAT MARKETS, &c.

Norwich Castle Meadow, July 8.—Our supply of fat Cattle to this day's market was small, and the demand being the same, prices are nearly the same as for some weeks previous, 7s. to 7s. 6d. per stone of 14lbs. sinking offal; the supply of Store Stock was very large, and the sales exceedingly flat; a few Scots sold at 4s. to 4s. 3d. per stone when fat; Short Horns, 3s. to 3s. 6d. Pigs cheap, fat ones to 7s. per stone.

Horncastle, July 8.—Beef, 7s. to 7s. 6d. per stone of 14lbs.; Mutton, 5d. to 6d.; Lamb, 6d. to 7d.; and Veal, 7d. to 8d. per lb.

Manchester, July 5.—At this day's market there was a tolerable supply of Cattle, which moved off slowly at last week's rates—Beef, 5d. to 6½d.; Mutton, 5d. to 6d.; Lamb, 5d. to 6d.; Veal, 5d. to 6½d.; and Pork, 3d. to 5d. per lb. sinking offal.

At *Morpeth Market*, on the 5th instant, there was a very great supply of Cattle, Sheep, and Lambs; fat of the latter sold readily; the former met with a very dull sale, and prices were lower.—Beef, from 5s. 6d. to 6s.; Mutton, 6s. to 7s. and Lamb, 7s. to 7s. 6d. per stone, sinking offal.

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN, sold in the Maritime Counties of England and Wales, for the Week ended July 1, 1826.

	Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London*	58	8	28	1	25	8
Essex	60	5	27	10	25	4
Kent	58	5	28	4	26	5
Sussex	55	8	30	0	27	1
Suffolk	54	7	27	3	26	10
Cambridgeshire	59	10	28	6	21	4
Norfolk	52	4	26	5	19	5
Lincolnshire	54	7	27	6	20	10
Yorkshire	54	6	24	7	21	8
Durham	57	9	0	0	30	7
Northumberland	54	9	30	0	25	0
Cumberland	61	9	29	9	25	0
Westmoreland	63	8	40	0	27	5
Lancashire	61	10	0	0	25	4
Cheshire	60	10	0	0	25	10
Gloucestershire	57	3	32	6	26	10
Somersetshire	58	8	27	1	0	0
Monmouthshire	58	5	35	0	0	0
Devonshire	58	11	28	1	25	3
Cornwall	63	4	31	9	26	4
Dorsetshire	53	10	27	2	0	0
Hampshire	55	5	30	0	23	0
North Wales	60	9	33	9	20	11
South Wales	57	2	27	8	19	11

* The London Average is always that of the Week preceding.